



ADVANCE, - SALVATION ARMY!

Tid-Bits, Bright and Brief, Descriptive of Army Warfare.

Christ Came,

AND

The Drunkard of 30 Years' Standing became

A NEW MAN!

EN YEARS AGO, in one of our towns, some Salvation soldiers were on the market singing.

"We're going home with Jesus."

Driving on the streets of that town that cold winter's night was a poor man, a slave to sin, drink, and the devil.

He was a carter, and he was taking a load of barrels of beer to a liquor store.

The singing attracted him, and as he listened to the voices pealing out through the cold night air, "We're going home with Jesus," the Spirit of God took hold of him, and he said to himself, "Where am I going to?"

The answer came,

"TO HELL!"

From that moment the Spirit of God took hold of him in a wonderful way. At last, one night this poor, wretched, wreck of a drunkard of thirty years' standing fell at the Saviour's feet and cried aloud for pardon. His was a rent broken and contrite heart, and soon the dark, black, guilty past was cancelled through faith in the precious blood of Calvary's Christ, and the poor, wretched sinner of a few moments before rose up a new creature in Christ Jesus. Oh, the joy! the light! the gladness! the life! the freedom! the liberty! that came after the second birth into the heart of this dear man, and now

FOR TEN YEARS,

through trials and difficulties, and persecutions of the most severe kind, this man has stood out before all, a living witness of the power of Bethel's Christ to save, cleanse, and keep to the uttermost.

** * * * * Praise God for evermore!

Reader, if you are a slave of sin, drink and the devil, don't despair! There's hope for you. Christ can deliver you from the chains that bind you, restore you to the burden, bring you peace, and make you happy forever. Oh, while His birth is being celebrated this Christmas-tide, you come to Him with all your sorrow, sadness, wretchedness, and despair, and prove to yourself that there is a real Christ to save from sin and woe. He is your only remedy, the only source of your happiness here and hereafter. Oh, may God the Holy Spirit come to your heart and move you to repentance! Remember, YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

ADJUTANT AVRE.

THE OPEN-AIR WARFARE.

The Salvation Army was born in the open-air, and there is no place to-day better fitted to train recruits and make real live blood-and-fire soldiers than its birthplace. I have never forgotten my first testimony in the open-air at the hotel where I had my last drink. I stood from head to foot. The street battles have had more to do with the other fighting soldier than anything else. It is death to dignity, respectability, form, and a lot of other little details. In small towns we are so apt to think because we don't have large crowds there is no use for open-air, but listen, here is the experience of a young woman last week in our town: She had been converted in the Army and was going to join the church, but felt her place was in the Army. While playing in her room about the matter, the Army

marched past and stopped on the corner. She rose from her knees, and watched them through the window, saying at the same time, "That is my pulse." She has since given herself fully to God and the Army, and gives promise of a glorious future. At that open-air about twelve people were in sight.

CAPT. HEWITT.

Bang! Bang! Army Drum!

THERE'S a show come, sure! Shall we go and see it? said my companion, as we were nearing the place where we heard a shower of noise. We decided to go, and on our arrival we were surprised and no less disappointed to find a couple of girls, one playing a concertina, the other holding the colors which I then thought peculiar, but have since learned to hold, while an irregular bang! bang! bang! seemed to be the best production of time the brother at the drum could bring forth. That drummer is the "X.L.C.R." in my mind, of anything I have heard before or since. My companion did not seem at all anxious to stay, and I guess we both would have preferred the show, but somehow it seemed to see these three people running over every corner, still there was something I liked in the singing, although to-day I do not remember what it was, but I do remember that some few days afterwards I knelt at the cross, in the S.A. barracks, seeking forgiveness of the past, and making promises for the future.

Since conversion I have always considered an open-air meeting minus a bold soldier if the drum was absent, and it asked to-day what first drew my attention to the Army, I say, "Why, the drum, of course."

BEN BRYAN.

A NEWFOUNDLANDER IN THE WAR CRY WITNESS BOX.

The Smoking-Devil Frontispiece Fixed Him.

FITTED HIM LIKE HIS SOCK.

Hallelujah! Saved Through Reading the War Cry.

I BOUGHT a War Cry on the street from the Captain, he charging me to read it through. I took it home, and it didn't take to look through it, so put it in my closet. Next evening, after tea, I lit my pipe and settled myself down for a comfortable smoke. I took the War Cry to read, or rather to look at the picture of the tobacco devil that was on the front page. The devil I had so faithfully served for eighteen years.

Seeing the statement of the amount of money wasted by the use of tobacco caused me to consider and read more of its contents. I felt that somehow that Cry must have been printed **ESPECIALLY FOR ME**, because it hit me just like my socks, took the pipe out of my mouth, I sat it down, saying as I did so, "BY THE HELL OF GOD I WILL SMOKE NO MORE."

Although the struggle has been very tough, in the strength of Jesus I have

WON THE VICTORY.

I am glad I bought that Cry. I love it with all my heart. It was the means of turning me from the paths of darkness and sin into the light and glory of God. I will keep that Cry as long as the dear Lord permits me

to live. Now, after giving up one sin, I thought I must give up the lot, so one night, shortly after reading the Cry, I made my way to the Army pentitent-form. There I gave my all to Jesus, bless Him! He pardoned all my sins set me free, and now I am as happy as can be.

Since, this same experience is for you if you will only give your heart to Christ. May you do so, in the prayer of a sinner saved by the blood.

A. J. MELLOTT.

THE COVE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

TOM WHIPPLE ON

War Cry Selling.

Selling War Crys in the saloons on Saturday nights is a different experience. There are a large number of saloons in our city, they keep open until 11 p.m., some of them all night. The amount of drinking and open sin is appalling. I have got into some tight places. I have been threatened with beer glasses and billiard cues. I have been thrown on the floor and sat on. I know what the Dutch Clip is. For some of your readers who don't, it is this: Two men get hold of you, one each side, and turn you over and over. It does not hurt you, but causes a laugh at your expense, but I have always found that whenever I was with a friend, and threatened with a friend to defend me, I believe that I have been the means in God's hand of reaching people whom it would be impossible to get into a church or Army barracks. I go home after a night's War Cry selling with joy in my heart, a consciousness of duty fulfilled, and another victory won.

TOM WHIPPLE.

Likes the Army.

I remember a dark and sad hour in my life, when walking through the streets of a great city, I met a band of Salvationists on the street. As I looked right and left, wondering if any man cared for my soul, they commenced to sing:

"Whoever will in this beast may share,
In my Father's house there is bread
and to share,
Come to Jesus" etc.

That chorus was a blessing to me, and today I am a better man for having heard it. I passed on to another city, where I found a young man alone, betrayed, and in poverty. There was a Salvation Army Home there, and I told that he would be all right there, so I took him to the Home, and he was well cared for, I have no doubt. In the next city it was a Salvationist who received me into his home, and who would not take anything in return.

As I was a stranger and inexperienced, was nearing a city, where I would leave the train of midnight, I felt anxious about finding decent lodgings.

Somebody told me that there was a Salvation Army woman who kept a lodging house there. I determined if I could find her, for the word "Salvationist" was guarantee enough for me. But how should I find the house? I would keep a lookout for a Salvationist at the station. I test

that if I could find a Salvationist I would be able to trust him. I did not know before that how much confidence I had in the Army. Not how to distinguish him" By his uniform and socks, of course. And just there I found my precious for Salvation Army uniform. I said, "I always said that this was just one mark necessary for a Christian." Above Jesus gave when He said, "By this shall all men know that we are my disciples, if we have love one toward another." But I found the Salvation Army uniform an excellent indication on that dark night in Brandon. And after two weeks' experience I said what I still believe, that I had found what for me was the best lodging-house in the city.

These are a few of the many reasons I am prepared to give to those who from time to time ask me why I like the Salvation Army.

S. J. MESHIER, Brandon.

Never reason with the devil.

Army Bands.

STRONG EVIDENCE

IN THEIR DEFENCE

Four Questions Successfully Answered, by an Old Bandmaster.

1. - WHY DO YOU PLAY?

I asked myself the question, "Why do I play?" The answer came, "Because I can the more glorify God and extend His kingdom by doing so." I am obeying God in using the talent that He has given me. I believe with all my heart that God and these weak things to confound the mighty. What is music? It is the essence of harmony. What does it do? It helps drive away sadness and cheer up the low-spirited, and makes people think of better things. I play these things should be accomplished, that people should by these means be brought to know God and serve Him.

2. - WHAT ADVANTAGE HAS A BANDSMAN?

He has many. If he has only the talents he can use it for God, not for self. People will look and listen to him as he walks up the streets with his instrument under his arm and his uniform on. They say to themselves, "There goes a Salvation Army bandman! What is the meaning of salvation?" They might as well say, "There goes a man who plays for God." God has given me this grand privilege to praise Him with the instrument, and if we are not made good at preaching or singing, we can do what we can in the playing of our instruments for God. Oh, what great chances we have! All other bands outside of the Army are looking at us. They give us all kinds of inducements to come and play with them, and offer us money if we would do so. In at the same time they like our stickability and staying in our right place, and often when they are us, I tried to content myself once in playing in outside bands, thinking it was all right. I thought I was getting lots of money, I was playing to be saved at the same time, but instead of getting on all right, I found I was getting all wrong in my soul and pocket. Thanks to God, He gave me the victory. I warn any who think there is no harm in it to take warning from one who has tried it.

3. - WHAT HAVE ARMY BANDS DONE?

I think I can say without contradiction that our Salvation Army bands are of the greatest powers used by God that we have to meet our end, in getting men to think of their souls. What has been the means of doing? Thousands of once hopeless souls have by the sound of the drum or the band, been drawn to the Army, and been made to think of their souls. As in the killing armies the band is to help in times of war to cheer the soldiers and to raise hope in their breast, so I say that it is a help to our soldiers and our Army in the same way, a cheering and soul-inspiring power.

4. - WHAT DO THE BUMS SAY?

They love the band, love the boys that are in it, and if we were not the band they would be with us if it were they want, and that is why they come to the Army. If they weren't at the Army they would either be at an hotel or some place like it. So by the band we get hold of these bums. They envy us, and only wish they were with us.

FRED WOODGATE.

Faith can only be held as the evidence is clear.

Confidence in God and self-distrust are sure companions.

The bitter goes with the sweet in the Salvation Army war.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will rot a baw, when he will have forgotten the cause.

The great outlet of sin is the tongue; the mind, the ears and eyes; and the mistress of all is the heart. Therefore let grace rule your heart and the whole man will be subject.

PENITENT-FORM ECHOES!

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

It was a sight that must have gladdened the angels and set heaven's joy bells ringing.

Turns a Sunday morning holiness meeting, in all, eight knot at the cross. Two who knot side by side especially attracted my attention, one a poor, fallen girl.

No doubt many struggles to do right had gone on in her soul before her courage had brought her, as a first volunteer, to the penitent-form.

Praise God for a Gospel which reaches the outcast and delivers from the bondage of sin!

The other was a lady in good position—the wife of a barrister. For eight years she had known what it was to travel. When she came to Christ not only did she experience His forgiving grace, but a great work of separation took place, and the world, with its social pleasures, lost all its charm for her. Her life has been given up to a great extent to philanthropic effort and the amelioration of the woes of the poor.

But though she was devoted to doing good for others, there was in her own heart the consciousness that the roots of sin had not been really crucified.

She volunteered to the cross, and by a definite yielding of herself to do the perfect will of God, and a claiming of the blessings by faith, she was able to rise and say: "Not only do I believe that I CAN do this for me, but I WILL do it, but just now I believe He DOES it."

Oh, for more definite dealing at our penitent-forms! Especially on the question of holiness, there is such a need of seekers' understanding that it is not FEELING but FAITH which is the essential to a living experience of God's indwelling power. There seems to be such darkness on this point.

If there could be a clearer conception of the truth that TEMPTATION IS NOT SIN, but that though the soul is delivered from the roots of sin it is still subject to temptation.

As the body is subject to disease, and can only be fortified against its inroads by being kept in a healthy condition, so the soul can only be kept free from sin by a constant living with its indwelling holiness power.

This feeling, which is so much trusted by many, are only ONE of the fruits of that Spirit's abiding.

HOLINESS IS NOT A SENTIMENT!

—II—

Another instance which illustrates the same thought:—

This time a Sergeant. For months he has been seeking the blessing.

A short time ago he came to the penitent-form, with several others.

It was a struggle to do so. Why? Because he had been there before. Listen to his testimony in the next holiness meeting:

"I have found out it is according to your FAITH, comrades, that God blesses you. When I asked Him to take away my temper, He did it.

"Then I came to Him on account of my pride. I believed He would do it, and He did take away my pride.

Last Friday I was there, still something lacking—I did not know what, but just gave myself this time fully, and my father claimed His promise, and He sanctified the gift."

This is just where so many struggle on for years—trying to get the blessing phenomena, not understanding where they lack. If such an one reads this brother's testimony, do as he did: GIVE YOURSELF, AND STEP into a life of faith in God.

—II—

The next is an elderly lady. As we stand to sing,—

"Over the waves to Thee, dear Lord,
Over the waves to Thee,
At last, at last, I come, I come
Over the waves to Thee."

she pushed through the crowd. After praying earnestly she rose to her feet exclaiming, with clasped hands, "Oh, friends, this is where I've been trying to get for ten years."

"I was converted ten years ago in England, but ever since I have been trying to speak for Jesus. Never could I do an effort. Oh, praise the Lord!"

—II—

I met the next sister on the street one evening in a western city.



"While shepherds watched their flock by night."

The previous Sunday I had seen her at the penitent-form, at the end of a ROW OF THIRTEEN. The others had testified to receiving what they sought. This sister had not done so. She waited for me a few minutes after, and told me the glad story that definitely in that meeting she had accepted the blessing (though it seemed as if it might mean being an officer), but had almost lost it by not testifying to it.

saved in an Army meeting. It meant something to him that change from a dissipated gambler's life to that of a humble penitent. He had been a prodigal, not only from God, but from his father's home, for nineteen years. But "he came to himself" and wisely started for home. The father met him with the embrace, the ring, and the robe, and the Salvationists rejoiced and made merry.

The next step was to write to his

MY COVENANT!

BY MRS. H. H. BOOTH.

A Prayer Suitable for Watch-Night Services throughout the Dominion.

O LORD JESUS: At this, the first night of a New Year, I desire to come before Thee in the spirit of true humility. I can plumb nothing but Thy love, hope for nothing but Thy mercy, cling to nothing but Thy Cross. Because Thou hast bid me come, I kneel with confidence at Thy feet, and make with Thee a Covenant, to which I desire to be true till I die.

Help me, Jesus, by Thy Spirit, and give me grace to fulfil my vows. I promise that during this new year I will be SINCERE. I will not be false in word, or deed, or thought. Should I fall, I will not hide my fault. Should I sin, I will not cover my wrong. Should I be mistaken, I will not hide my lack of wisdom. Should I be enlightened, I will not choose to remain in the dark. I will seek to be before Thee openly at all times. I trust Thee, I am in Thy heart. Deliver me dear Saviour, during this coming year from shame of all sorts, and let my life and actions show how Thou commandest in the way of sincerity those who follow Thee.

I promise also, that during this year I will be TRUE. I will not betray Thy interests, or sell Thee for fame or gain. I want to tell Thee, dear Jesus, that during 1896 Thou didst reckon on me in sorrow or sunshine, loss or gain, peace or war, life

or death. And I will also be true to my comrades. I will try to love and serve them as Thou hast loved me. I will seek to cover their faults and forgive their unkindness. I will pray over their weaknesses, and weep over their sins, and so I will prove my love to Thee by the love I bear my brethren and sisters.

I promise, dear Jesus, that I will be COBRAZIOUS in Thy service. I will not bring Thee half my powers, but the whole. I will not be cold in my devotion, but on fire. I will not be listless in Thy battles, but desperate. I will not be neutral in Thy warfare, but whole-hearted. Thou shalt have my lips to speak. Thy praise my hands to do. Thy work, my feet to run. Thy errands, my mind to think. Thy thoughts, my affections to have. Thy kingdom, my heart to do thy bidding. Help me, loving Saviour, to follow in Thy foot-steps through every day of the coming year. Make 1897 a period in my life of perfect peace, holiness, courageous service, and glorious victory, and grant me Thy blessed presence all the way, so that, should it please Thee to take me to Thyself ere the dawn of another year, I may go to meet Thee without regret or fear.

Through Jesus, my Saviour, I ask it all, in Whose strength I rely to carry it out. AMEN.

—II—

Here is another reason why so many fall after coming out in the meetings. One of the conditions of my consecration over ten years ago was that I should always

WHEREVER I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY,

witness to this new life of purity. I could not retain it otherwise.

The devil comes to the trembling seeker, and whispers, "What see how you get on there? See if you can live holy now, under trying circumstances." Sometimes, not desiring that this is the poisoned arrow of a foe, these insinuations are listened to and well, disbelieving beings condemnation, and an honest soul is plunged into darkness.

What about your experience, reader? Have you lost the blessing by neglecting to testify?

"Remember, . . . and repent."

—II—

Out of five who bowed their heads on the penitent-form and wetted its consecrated boards with their tears, was one we could not help being especially interested in.

A few weeks previously he had got

sister across the rolling ocean, in the Old Land.

There was gladness in that home, for had they not thought him dead for nineteen years?

The sister wrote to the officers thanking God that through the Army's instrumentality the "lost" was found and the dead was alive.

Well, in this particular holiness meeting he felt impelled to take one other step, so he came out voluntarily, and presented his body as an offering to the Lord. He not only professed that "His blood can make the vilest clean," by destroying the appetite for play and drink, but that He could "break the power of accursed sin," and give this professional gambler a "clean heart, and enable him to live without sin."

—II—

The last testimony comes not from the merry-soul, but from a personal letter following up a meeting where the writer got the victory. It runs: "I settled it in that meeting. It was quickly and deliberately, but for life!"

This from a comrade who for two years has tried to shew his responsibility and God's call.

Oh that that was the only case! But no; there are many who are struggling in darkness under a shadow of doubt and perplexity.

You don't understand holiness because you are not willing to obey.

You are in doubt because your unwillingness to walk in the light.

Rise up! Fulfil the promises made to you. Keep your vows.

Comply with the conditions and He WILL accept the offering and sanctify the gift.

Oh, the blessedness of an obedient life, a life hid with Christ in God.

ALMOST LOST!

HELP! HELP! HELP!!

The cry rang over the waters that dark winter night. Splash, splash, splash, the oars of the rescue party sounded as they pulled towards the wreck, guided only by the cries for help from the struggling drowning sailors clinging to their doomed vessel.

There was no star in the sky, no lamp on the wreck—the fact, this was the cause of their trouble, they had neglected to put up their lights, and the steamer on which I stood, having no knowledge of the whereabouts of the small, sunlit vessel, with its crew of eight men, struck her and

CUT HER COMPLETELY IN TWO.

The men may have been sleeping, but if so, they were quickly and rudely awakened to face the grim reality of DEATH in expectation.

The rescue was accomplished, and I had the joy of seeing these eight men landed by one on board the steamer.

That was nine years ago. I then stood on board that steamer, a cadet, bound for London. A few hours before, I had left my soldier comrades in my home in Scotland, and a few hours later I was fended amongst my cadet comrades in the Clapton Training Home in London.

But the scene of that dark night, with the crash of the collision and the cry for help was not without its lesson to me. I saw all around me struggling, sinking, drowning souls, who had been wracked on ship's dark sea of despair, and whose every oath, and curse, and blasphemy, are told eres for "Help."

This is Christmas season. Christendom celebrates the coming of Him Who was born King of the Jews. The world stops its machinery, closes its factories, locks up its banks to-day, and the church bells chime.

But stop! It is not all ringing of church bells, singing of anthems, and shouting of Salvationists. Past these very churches and Army barracks there rushes a motley throng, whose drunken song and coarse profanity form a strange contrast to the real Christians' spirit. It is true that these people are not without their songs of joy, but truly it is a joy born of ignorance, for did they but know their true state before find their ribald songs would be turned into

DESPAIRING WALES

to God for salvation.

Our my comrade, Salvationists, in whose hearts the Morning Star has arisen, can we not become more desperate in our endeavors to save men and women from their sin and its awful consequences? We are a rescue party. Do we hear the cry for help, and more important still, do we heed it? Let us this Christmas learn a lesson from our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The servant is not greater than his Lord. Then surely the servant should be as devoted and zealous as his Lord. Let the Christians, stars and the Christmas stars ring, and the Christmas songs are sung, and the Christmas dinner eaten, yet we remember that He Who instituted Christmas, by exchanging a palace for a stable, a throne for a manger, a crown for a cross, did not do so without a cause. His heart was moved with pity as He looked on the poor, despairing world, and to bring life and hope within the reach of men He gave Himself a ransom for all.

Shall we not follow Him? ENSIGN ANDREW HELLIN.

WHY DO I WEAR UNIFORM?

THE QUESTION is sometimes asked, "Why do we wear uniform in the Salvation Army?" Well, there are different answers to that question, all amounting to the same thing in the end.

First, I would say we are a band of saved men and women, whose mission is to save souls from sin and its consequences, in and through the power of God. Our organization is modeled after military armies. The first duty of a soldier is obedience, whether in Her Majesty's Army or the Salvation Army. We are a band of soldiers without uniform. Policemen, postmen and others wear uniform, not merely for the sake of wearing it, but as a distinguishing mark, and as a badge of authority, and so it is a distinguishing mark for a Salvationist. It says to the world, "I am on the Lord's side, I am saved from all my sins, separated from the world, and set apart for God's service." Some may say, "I can truly be a Christian and not wear uniform." Well, that is possible, but I sincerely believe that we can be more of a blessing to the unsaved by wearing uniform, if it is an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual grace. It is the work of man's life. Of course there is abuse, but any good thing can be abused. My testimony is that it is a great help to the young convert when first starting out. It helps him to confess Christ in a way that is simple, and breaks the ice, as it were, and that means a great deal. A cross taken up, which helps to make him bold and courageous, and strong in the strength of God and in the power of His might. And also we have the authority of God's word that Christians ought to be peculiar in their dress, that it should be very simple and humble. To what we see in the reverse, in the constant uniformity, the exact fashion and worshipping, no dividing line between God's people and the world? This state of affairs is directly against the word of God.

It is also a great advertisement. It speaks when we are silent. It proclaims salvation. It sets people thinking about eternal things, and a way is very often opened up to speak to the unsaved about their souls. What is the reason that some so-called Christians sneer when they see a Salvationist in uniform? They do not sneer when they see a policeman in uniform, oh, no; but a Christian in uniform seems to stir them up quite a lot; it condemns them, and they don't like it. It is a great thing to stir people up and make them think of salvation. There is then some chance of getting them saved.

These are a few answers to the question, why do we wear uniform?

SERGT. CASHIN,
War Cry Regular Correspondent at
Halifax.

Toronto League of Mercy Links.

On looking over our figures for the last two months, we find they show forty visits paid to the different institutions; one hundred and seventy people read to and prayed with; two thousand two hundred "Crys" given away, besides various letters written for the inmates, messages carried to friends, etc., and our hearts thank God for our grand opportunities, and we pray for grace to make the very best use of them. Any reader having a friend or anyone in whom you are interested, in the Hospital, if you will let me know we shall be most happy to read to him, pray with him or do anything in our power to make his time of suffering a little brighter. Now, don't be afraid to ask us, as that is exactly what we exist for, and very proud we are of the fact. Truly it is work that angels might covet.

MRS. ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

Live louder than you shout.

A compositor at a printing office was setting in type the verse of Scripture: "And Daniel had an excellent spirit in him." But he made it read, "And Daniel had an excellent spine in him." Good. We want men of this excellent spine to-day.

A Letter of Christmas Greeting and Good Cheer, from

MRS. BOOTH.

M Y DEAR COMRADES:

Yet once again we have reached the eve of another Christmas, crowned with blessing. Once more, with thankful hearts, we commemorate the lowly birth of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

Glancing backward at the year that has flown so quickly, we can only repeat, "surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life." What innumerable tokens of the love of our Heavenly Father have been showered upon us! How infinitely better our Lord has been to each of us than we have deserved! When we compare our life with what it might have been, but for the riches of His divine grace, we can only throw ourselves into His arms with an overwhelming sense of deepest gratitude, and with renewed consecration, to press forward in joyful service, never wavering, or turning to the right hand or the left.

A beautiful blessing came to my soul one early dawn, not long ago, as I lay, feeling very much troubled and perplexed with harassing circumstances. Suddenly, in the stillness, my little clock, that chimes the hour with a tune, began to sound out slowly and sweetly the notes of the song:

"Trusting Thee ever,
Doubting Thee never."

As I listened to its playing, I pledged myself more than ever to put in practice the principle of the chorus, and to walk henceforward ABRAHAM-LIKE, in the darker moments of my life as well as in the light.

With the eye of faith we may always see "HIS STAR" before us, shining as clearly as did the Star of Bethlehem long ago, directing unerringly the path we should tread, and our part is still fearlessly to follow, even tho' it may seem to point through the darkness.

Let us walk by faith, training our sons for the skies. We must learn to measure earthly things with a heavenly measure. Let us not expect to correct earthly failings by earthly activities. We must lift up our eyes to the hills, whence cometh our strength. Let us seek to control our spirits that we may be wrapped up entirely in the interests of Jesus Christ.

The things of time are passing so rapidly! Life is so short! Comrades who were with us have passed away from our sight. How little did our dear sister-warrior, Staff-Captain

Jones, imagine, a year ago, that it was her last earthly Christmas, busy as she was, working for others early and late, and yet she has gone, and we cannot help but wonder who will be the next. It may be you, or it may be me. When this season returns again there will be some vacant place, some empty chair. Our turn must come, and then, oh, how small the affairs of earth will appear to us from the verge of the river! How foolish and blind we should be if we set our affections on this world's goods, which must surely slip away from the grasp of our fingers!

Let the fervent prayer of our hearts be that we may live so near to Christ as the days go by this coming year that we in our turn may shine, each in our different spheres, like little stars, forever pointing CALVARY-WARD.

And now, since you have tasted of His love and mercy, what will you do in return for Him? What will you bring Him? What have you for Him? How does your heart respond? Some people are constantly aiming to find out HOW LITTLE they can sacrifice for the Kingdom of their own comfort and ease, and yet retain their profession as Christians; but the true child of God is forever bounding forward to discover HOW MUCH HE CAN GIVE, how much he can do or suffer. What gifts will you bring for the Lord of Bethlehem? Will you bring Him your time, your strength, your youth, your talent, to be used for His sake in the service of your suffering fellow-creatures?

For the little ones who languish: At a drunken mother's breast; For the prodigal, fallen, broken; Seeking hopelessly for rest.

In the name of Him who cherished

Even the least, and even you.

If you feel His claims are pressing,

Tell Him now, what will you do?

Bring Him the gift of YOURSELF,

with as complete a surrender as some one who said:—

"I RENOUNCED FOR LOVE OF HIM EVERYTHING THAT WAS NOT HE, AND I BEGAN TO LIVE AS IF THERE WAS NONE BUT HE AND I IN THE WORLD."

Then, having settled it for eternity, go forward as true heralds, a messenger of Heaven, proclaiming "good tidings of great joy," and the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men," and a Saviour born mighty to save.

Finally, let us all stand shoulder to shoulder, united under the banner of love, never losing sight of the main object of our Army's existence — the salvation of men and women.

Oh, my comrade, how many souls will you pledge yourself to lead to Him before another Christmas comes? We must rest content with no other aim but this in the coming months.

May the Christ of the manger, the Christ of Gethsemane, and Calvary, be with you. May the Lord cause His face to shine upon you, so that your life's darkest night may be turned into day with the glory of His presence.

May this be the holiest and happiest Christmas you have yet known, pray.

Yours, living to serve,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

Sanctification.

BY THE LATE MARIA SIMPSON.

"I AM the Almighty God; walk before me, and let thy son follow me." — Gen. xvii. 1.

Then is sanctification unattainable in this life, as the majority of religious teachers would have us believe? Surely not. To our comfort, let us take this beautiful command and clasp it to our hearts, saying, with one of God's servants of old, "Lord, give what Thou commandest, and command what Thou wilt."

"For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." — 2 Chron. xvi. 9.

We cannot sanctify ourselves. The Salvation Army gives no uncertain sound on that, or any other matter. It teaches that sanctification gives on the four conditions of conviction, renunciation, consecration, and faith. (See "Rules for the Salvation Army Soldiers," a blessed little book 9 in the strength of God's Spirit, and in His strength alone, can the conditions be fulfilled. Then God sanctifies, God does the work. Glory, hallelujah! May He do it for us all! Keep believing.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." — Matt. v. 48. Impossible! you say. Of course, utterly impossible if attempted in your own strength. Commit it to Christ. Commit the matter of your sanctification to Him, just as you did your salvation, your pardon. Let Christ, by His Spirit, take full possession of your heart. He is longing to do so, and soon will find to his joy that He will soon make of that heart a veritable little corner of His Kingdom. He will fill it with His blessed presence and love, and make it too holy a place for Satan—aye, and for self, too. None but an indwelling Christ can conquer indwelling sin. But He can and will, by His own Holy Spirit. Again I say hallelujah! Blessed Lord Jesus sanctify us all! •

Note.—Maria Simpson was a child of God of rare saintliness. She could not rise from her bed for years before her death, which occurred at the Home for Incurables, Toronto. She was sworn in as a soldier under the Army colors while lying in bed. Mrs. Booth performed that ceremony, and also some time of her beautiful service with autoharp accompaniment, sang to the delight of the suffering saint. Her pain was at times excruciating, and it is probable that this very article for the War Cry was written while the writer was in intense pain. The Christ, Who came to Bethlehem, and returned to the right hand of the Father, piled her, and took her to His royal court. She knows this old earth's agony no more. What a glorious exchange!

The sinner may live in a calm, but will die in a storm; he that lives precious dies priceless.—Watson.

Live with Christ till He becomes living thought, ever present, and will had a reverence growing which compares to nothing else man's feeling.—F. W. Robertson.

FAITH makes the Christian; FAITH proves the Christian. Trial tests Christian. Death crowns the Christian.



THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS.

THE DEVIL'S PLEA AND THE ANGEL'S REPLY: OR, THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE EMISSARIES OF HEAVEN AND HELL!

BY THE COMMANDANT.

N.B.—This article was written hurriedly two years ago, but was not finished. It would never have been printed at all in its present form, as I don't consider it worthy of the theme, but for the fact that pressure of business has presented my writing the intended contribution for the Xmas Crys. Rather than disappoint the Editor, and at the urgent request of others, I send it forth with prayers for its acceptance.—H.M.B.

THE SOUL of man is the bone of contention between Heaven and hell. It is at once the object of infinite love and of diabolical revenge. On the part of God no sacrifice has been too great to save it, on the part of the devil, no deception too deep to snare it, nor subtlety for the heart of every single human being. The battle is fought out to the death between the empires of the kingdom of light and darkness. The issues are stupendous. In the one case there is paradise, in the other the bottomless abyss. Both are eternal.

But there is something behind all this. The struggle for souls is the result of a deeper conflict between principles.

RIGHT IS AT WAR WITH WRONG,

truth with falsehood, love with hate. These principles find embodiment on the one hand in God, on the other in the devil. That is why the great case in the trial court of the human race is God versus the devil, and that is why the most tremendous of all considerations for every child of man is the rendering of his verdict to his own conscience as to which of these two masters shall receive his homage.

Suppose, therefore, in such imperfect way as is possible to us, we permit these contending forces to speak for themselves. The devils of the night, who sweep the earth, gathering their harvests of

LOST SOULS SHALL STAND FOR-
WARD

and witness to their mission and method. They shall not be permitted to deceive us, but shall explain their diabolical plans under the colour of their secret intent. Then in their turn shall those angels of day, whose mission it is to proclaim hope and light, stand forth to sing the burden of their song to the children of men. The audience, crowded into one vast arena, which we will call the High Court of Eternal Verity, shall be composed of the people—of the jury and universal conscience the Judge. The witnesses shall be those who stand pleading for hope, and those devils for despair; while the issue at stake is a world redeemed or lost. Silence then in the great assembly, while the first witness, with a flap of his black wings, lights on the tribunal from which the speakers are to plead their cause.

THE DEVIL OF GREED.

With hungry air and defiant ex-
pression he begins:—

"I represent all that wealth which belongs to this world, and my duty is to instruct my followers in the art of laying up for themselves treasures below. I go through the earth tying temporal things, and the cord with which I do it is a gold one. I reason with them like this. I say:—'Who would be happy must be rich. Be rich, and this world, in which others groan and strive, and anguish will immediately assume to you the character of a paradise, and rich, and all man and things will conspire for your gratification.'

WEALTH IS THE MAGIC WAND

by which you will rule the chances of your destiny. Be rich, and you will be great; be rich, men will fear you, cringe in your presence and do low at your feet. Riches will hide rottenness, cover indecency, conceal decay,

Riches will buy you anything, from a mother's child to a prince's favor. Would you aspire? Be rich! Would you descend? Be poor! To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away. It is written so in the Scriptures. It is also so written in the world about you."

"Having sufficiently infused this belief into the minds of my victims, I find my next step not so difficult. Once the dollar is enthroned in the heart, it is surprising with what alacrity the love of money usurps the power of an Almighty Being. The sway of this dead thing is stupendous, the curse for it as that of the lourd for its prey. Because of this I am the better able to accomplish much for my own cause and also for my fellow comrade, the devil of despair. Of course I am fully aware my followers can only be enriched by mauling their victim poor. It is thus that I am at once the devil of wealth and poverty, for I contend with my followers thus: Establish once for all that the great end of your being is to amass fortune, and you will be troubled with no scruples as to who suffers that you may survive.

GO FOR YOUR MONEY!

at all times, and under all circumstances. Count not the cost to any purpose but your own. Build up your revenue, even let it emboss from the grasp of widow or orphan. Press your way upwards to estate and palace though your enterprise, compel others to traverse with mournful tread the way to the workhouse. Make everybody pay, and take your tolls without bothering. What is it to you that they are bathed in bloody sweat and anxious tears? What is not convenient to yourself, set your agents to accomplish. This I find a tremendous effective method with my rich 'saints.' I am, too, constantly alerting these clients of mine to use the tolls of parting with their possessions, especially that giving alms or assistance to any of the religious type. The 'hard times' and 'many calls,' and 'poor relations'—pleas are nearly in every case my inventions. Millions now invested in palatial buildings and costly ornaments would have gone to help my great adversary, had it not been that I manufactured these excuses. But, 'listen all,' continued the devil, observing his time was up, and assuming a more serious tone as he prepared for his peroration. "I find that the most stupendous power I possess lies in that

GETTING BREEDS GREED.

The more my patrons possess the more they want; the more they hoard the more they hunt. With the most wretched, therefore, I have the least trouble. I have only to suggest new devices for turning their thousands into millions and their millions into millions more, and they pursue the course to the end. I am here to flatter myself with the proud distinction that of all the devils in hell no emissary of his Satanic Majesty boasts more untrailing, more energetic, or undaunted toilers in the process of working out their own damnation. My legions seldom fail. They live on one furious lust for gold, and, since often the gold is left by one generation to another, you may imagine how powerful and how lasting is my influence for wrangling the pocket and pauperizing the soul."

So saying the demon flew into space.



CAPTAIN LOWRY, LIEUTENANT McCANN, ENSIGN HOLMAN, Officers of the TORONTO SLUM BRIGADE, in their distinctive uniform.

In the Women's Shelter among our way-worn sisters, and in the Creche among the little children, they are

carrying out the Master's Divine injunctions. They are feeding the hungry, tending the needy, and caring for all those in want, trouble, or adversity; and for love of Him Who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

wings of the wind, carrying still the reflection of

THE STREETS OF GOLD

to the hovel of the widow. I find her weeping over the loss of her earthly store, and praying for those who stole it, and I understand how she is rich in unfailing wealth, and bid her be glad for her treasure in Heaven. Alter that I pass to the palace, where I find the millionaire squandering his wealth in lavish living. I understand in reality he is poor, for I bid him hand over his golden playthings rob from his son's inheritance. So it is I am continually discovering how the first shall be last and the last first. But oh, how I lament the short-sightedness of men! Could they see me, I see, how quickly would they understand the real significance of life. They have difficulty in perceiving that it is better to give than to get, and the deeds of love invested in the kingdom of Heaven win an interest through eternity not to be for a moment compared with all the revenue that all the wealth of this world could produce."

So saying, the angel gave place to his successor.

(To be continued.)

HIS DEATH SONG.

JOHN HUSS, when the chain was put around the stake, said, with a smiling countenance:—

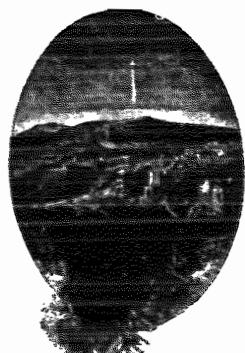
"MY LORD JESUS was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake; and why should I be afraid of this old rusty one?"

As the fagots were piled up, he was asked to recant.

"No," said Huss, "what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

As the flames were applied to the faggots he sang a hymn, with so loud and so cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the cracklings of the combustibles and the noise of the multitudes. At last his voice was stilled, after he had uttered the words, "Jesus Christ, Thou Son of the living God, have mercy on me."

Then he died.



BETHLEHEM, from the Shepherd's Field.

Editor's Notes.

Hallelujah!

Good morning!

God bless you!

Christmas Day again!

Accept hearty Christmas greetings.

May the Lord continue with all your plans a blessing received.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth PEACE, good will to all men."

"Unto YOU is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." So said the angels when they announced His birth.

A Saviour! A Saviour! One who saves. For pampered luxury, for sumptuous parties, for every amusement between those extremes, A SAVING! how He says you?

—H—

God.

The soul.

A future state.

Think of these things.

—H—

Better for you that I may be despised, than that you should reflect on Me, now that I have come.

—H—

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the SONS OF GOD, even to those that believe on His Name." —H—

Saviour!

A Saviour for whom?

You all. "He gave His life a ransom for ALL."

Presuming we are saved, then WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

Christ left Jerusalem and came to Bethany, and first visited the tomb of Lazarus, and then went to Bethany, where He found Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha, weeping.

"If when He whispers—“Go!”
How shall He at the last
Say, “Come, ye blessed, come?”

—H—

BROTHER. Somebody. Have you ever taken up a map to look for pine trees on this globe where “JESUS” is still an unknown name?

HAVE you ever, in the name of Jesus Christ, in the face of Jesus Christ, to ascertain whether He wants YOU to speak in the heaten “the words of your tongue?”

—H—

We have come to the judgment of the word, readiness to judge of the word, readiness to use it, passion for souls, any means, evengeling for souls, holding faith and maintaining expectation.

“WITHOUT God and without hope,” They die these heathen, thus. The present tick of the clock marks the departure of a soul—one for whose redemption the Lord Jesus shed His blood, for whom regeneration He sent His Spirit. In this we are sure that we cannot doubt it was His benevolent purpose to accomplish, but—“How can we do this?”

—H—

“I AM, the Army, yes, the universal Church of Christ—we all are responsible that this gross neglect goes no longer.

GOOD-BYE, COMMANDANT!

After three and a half years of terrible service, the commandant finds an opportunity to speed across the Atlantic.

We hope that very many who read these words will receive the prayer, God bless and go with our Commandant, as he goes, in his mercies, divine wisdom in the business he has to transact, and bring him back to us again, safe and sound, for the fulfillment of the wide responsibilities to which the Almighty has called him.

—H—

“Good-bye” is the modern abbreviation for the old English “God be with you.”

—H—

ARMENIA.

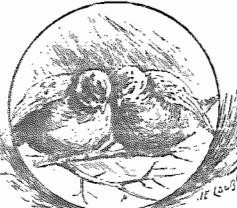
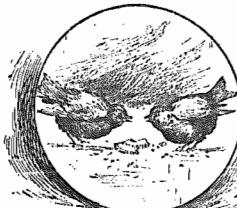
This old world has many a named nation, but Armenia is the one to rule above all others which at this season demands the ministry of intercessions. The world is in Armenia. It is safe to say that the heart of the English-speaking man deepest in the bosom of the world most deeply touched through the recital of the horrors enacted there during the past year. In Armenia, the newspapers say have been butchered, starved, or perished through the pestilence, 1,000,000 Armenians. The Armenian, like an impudent animal in the jungle, has devoured entire families, outraged and murdered, devastated and depopulated, while the powers of the great families have formed a great blockade.

Here is a brief description of a newspaper correspondence of the Turkish minister. At last, we have had our turn. We hoped that, with Shukir and Rıza Pasha present, we

SALVATION ARMY WARFARE.



While touting an open-air meeting in front of the City Hall, Hamilton, Ontario, the Editor had the idea of seeking the services of Father Tomás, the Catholic Father. This was arranged by citizens of the city, who urged it as a good idea. The meeting was actually saved and Father Tomás accepted responsibility therefor. Father Tomás, a native of Ireland, has a nervous and tremulous manner. He is after his paintings.



might escape. . . . I saw in one house two nearly naked bodies of Armenian women, just dovespring into motherhood, and of another young woman. All died in defense of their honor. . . . In the cemetery I saw 350 bodies—five of women. The majority had bullet wounds, but mostly also sword or bayonet wounds. Two or three had been skinned, and some had been buried with petroleum. A great many women are怀孕的, and many dead bodies were carried off by the Turks. It is impossible to give definite figures, but the number must be close on a thousand. . . . The villages of the plain have suffered awfully. There is no definite news from them beyond the tale that columns of smoke tell. . . . Persons who have come in today say that the Plain is destroyed. . . . We have forgotten the reforms—there remains nothing to remember.

Unhappy Armenia understands nothing of the Bethlehem waterword, "Peace on earth," and the powers seem to know as little about Christ's motto, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Difficult as the situation must be for statesmen, surely an International Police Force could have restored order long ago had the Powers possessed any real desire to do their manifest duty. Oliver Cromwell once speedily stopped similar work for the British Lion, however, and so to bear the motto of the sword in vain now.

God save Armenia, and may power to oppress speedily be taken from the impious Turk.

All-Night With God!

THE COMMANDANT

Leads a Glorious Night of Prayer as a Farewell Meeting.

30 Souls Tell Out Their Needs to God.

As a sort of "an revolver" gathering, the Commandant met the local Staff, Social, Reservists, and Field Officers of Toronto in the board room of the Temple, and gave us his parting blessing and admonition. About an hour after the service, H. H. at the back of the Jubilee Hall, was well filled with about two hundred and fifty officers, soldiers, sailors, and a few others. With hardly an exception, every one stayed right through the meeting, and we all went home together about 4 a.m.

The meeting started at 10.15, every officer and soldier, if one could judge by the hearty singing of the first songs, possessing voracious spiritual appetites.

After H. H. struck it right when he prayed that we all might have a manifestation that God had come and touched us. Too often in we go empty away, because we don't get a "touch" from God.

Many beautiful choruses were kept ringing in our souls, one after another, the idea in the Commandant's mind evidently being to keep our eyes open. He told us if he could keep us awake till after one a.m. we were all right for the rest of the meeting.

At 11.30 the General Assembly

had begun and expounded the story of the death, burial and restoration of Lazarus. With powerful argument, the Commandant brought us face to face with the real truth about the question of sanctification. How true with many a soul in that meeting that they had "brought all their good resolutions, their failures, their hopes, etc., and buried them, the inscription on the tombstone reading, 'I can't have the world in a clean heart'." With many such convincing sentences were the consolations of those present brought to judgment.

As soon as the Commandant was through (about 12.30) one after another were called upon to say a word or two on the blessing of a "clean heart." There was no possibility of mistaking the trend of the meeting. The whole atmosphere seemed charged with the Spirit of God, and we felt that more than one anxious soul was eager to unburden their hearts and claim deliverance from the world.

The choruses, too, were so applicable. Such hearty singing of choruses like "Saviour, my all I surrender," "I bring my all to Thee," and "Oh, say, will you take up your cross?" intention-

37 millions of people await the Salvation of Christ in this vast continent. Our present standing in South America is, 11 Corps and 40 Officers.

filled the spiritual atmosphere, until at 11.15 the Commandant got us all down before God in eager expectation. Then came the surrenders. One after another rose and told out the desires of their soul in prayer. The first was, "Oh, God, give me a clean and a pure heart!" followed shortly after by a sinner's outspoken cry for mercy. Soldiers, Juniors and Christians, all put in their pence, and received according to their faith.

At 2 a.m. we all rose and unitedly besought the throne by prayer and song. The Commandant laying down his only tool and right way to Armenia, God and gain an answer. It was a glorious time, and Heaven seemed very near. Ah, how many souls will enter in their memorials that confession before God and their comrades!

After a brief indulgence in coffee and bun, the meeting took a lively turn, and continued so till almost the close. Two very interesting and happy events were the promotions of Captain Adams and Lieutenant Perks to the rank of Ensign and Captain respectively. "God bless our Trade!"

At 3 a.m. the Commandant gave us his farewell address, which was full of kind thoughts and loving advice. After pledging our loyalty to the cause, and to Mrs. Booth, who runs the hedge during his brief absence, we give our parting cheer, and wended our way homewards, not the least bit tired, but all jolly happy, well saved, and more than ever in real good fighting trim. May God bless our dear leader, give him a good passage across, a brilliant stay over there, and a quick return!

THE COMMANDANT GONE!

Our Commandant left us for his brief flight to England on the 17th. Headquarters' Staff gave him a very hearty send-off at the Union Depot. At the knee-hill in his office, he undertook to take over to England our pledges of loyalty to God, the Army, and our leaders. The Commandant said he would do so, and also tell his comrades there what he had learnt to think of us Canadians. We shall eagerly watch for the English War Cry.

He is accompanied by Major Morris, who has for some time been anxious to visit the Old Land on some personal business. May God bless and protect our beloved Commandant and the Major, and bring them back to us in more than usual good fighting trim.

Don't let us lose our influence thru' light and frivolous things.

It is quite possible for a person to preach to others and yet become a cutaway.

SALVATION INTERNATIONALISM.

Brigadier Clibborn is in Africa. Major Swift has designs upon Scotland.

Colonel Lagercrantz has artistic qualities of very good merit.

The Finnish Self-Denial is expected to realise \$1,700.

Adjutant Storey, invalided home from India, will assist on "The Officer."

Twenty new soldiers have been enrolled at Bark by Commissioner Booth-Clibborn.

There are now employed in connection with the British Trade Headquarters six hundred men and women. There is a strong agitation on foot in Australia against the employment of barmahs in public-houses. Feeling is running pretty high pro and con, and the Army is backing up the reformers, of course.

The return passages of the General and party from India are already being taken. The steamer is in the "Carthage," a fine liner.

Commissioner Balton is engaged up on the preparation of a book for the Red-Hot Library.

There is a steady increase in the business of the Army Book. Enquiries as to terms, etc., continue to come in from people in all stations of life.

At La Chaux de Fonds, the Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the Marchioness were received and marched through the town with a torchlight procession.

A saloon-keeper in Honolulu comes out and keeps order while we hold open-air in front of his saloon. He says he weighs 220 pounds, and a man must be bigger than he is to disturb the Salvation Army.

A Lithographic Portrait of the General adorns the front-piece of the January "All the World" (new series).

Liberty to procession the streets in Swiss towns is gradually being gained.

At the Congress there was a splendid march through Luxembourg with bands and flags, and no less than three Commissioners of Police to protect the procession.

A Newfoundland Visiting Incident.

It was raining very heavy one night when a number of us had gathered at our Provincial Headquarters for a candidates' council. The P. S. was reading, when a knock came to the door. It was a lame comrade in uniform. She was almost drenched by the heavy rain, but happy because of the Master's business. She came to tell us of a certain man who had died to be saved, as the doctor had given up all hope of his recovery.

Lord and Lady Clibborn went out to get him saved. They returned with joy, declaring his salvation. Between this and the time I went to see him he had doubted, thus falling into darkness and deep distress of soul laboring heavily, but at times, under extenuating pale. After three-quarters of an hour dealing and praying he finally was able to say, "I believe I am saved." He was but a young man, but that fatal disease, quick consumption, buried him off to the tomb. He only lived a week to enjoy his new birth, regretting very much at the time his backslidings from God.

Backslider, come back to the fold for suppose you do have a chance to get right on a dethatched, you will forever regret your backslidings. Before we were through thanking God for his deliverance, some mortal shouted, "The doctor has come." If the attention that is given to the body was directed to the soul with the same earnestness, what blessed results there would be as an outcome.

ENSIGN PAYNE.

THE CHRIST SPIRIT.

A poor, abused wretch, flying from a brutal, slave-driving master, was exhausted, and tried to stagger his steps in the bosom of Jesus, the Friend of the weary and heavy laden. So oppressed he was with the benefit he had derived, even through these afflictions, that, striking dying, and seeing his master standing by, he eagerly caught the cruel hands of his oppressor and kissing them, said, "These hands have brought me to Heaven."

We shall never go to Heaven without Christ.

NEVER MIND whether you think the Army is right or wrong; that is a very secondary consideration. The great question now is with whom is He: Am I right myself, how would it be with me if I were called this moment to stand at the judgment bar of God? "Herein is love, not that we love God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. Amen."—The Naval Farmer.



BETHLEHEM, from the Chapel of the Nativity.

Robed in Flame!



SECRETARY ELLIS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

I REMEMBER LAST CHRISTMAS
EVE, a very sad and silent evening which cast a gloom over the whole community. A lady in Charlottetown invited a number of children to her house. She had prepared a Christmas tree on which were presents. It was brightly lighted with tapers, and one of the guests, a beautiful boy of fourteen years of age, was covered with white cotton wool to represent

SANTA CLAUS.

While he was distributing the presents he happened to touch one of the tapers, the cotton wool ignited, and in a few moments he became a mass of flame. Before the wool could be torn off his face and body were frightfully burned.

For weeks his life was despaired of, and he lay in frightful agony. But he was a brave boy, and bore his suffering manfully, and has now recovered.

I write this that it may be a warning to parents not to dress their children in this dangerous material. This is the second fatigued human need that has happened in Charlottetown through putting on cotton wool as a costume.

Hallelujah! There is a joy, a real joy, we may every one experience at Christmas, the joy of loving and serving Him Whom the angels heralded—and there is a white robe—the robe of His righteousness—which no flames can destroy.

"For the angels proclaim
That a Saviour was born
To save a poor sinner like me."

Good tidings of great joy to all people.

M. F. ELLIS.

CHRISTMAS
IN HEAVEN OR —

Oh, the Cruel Sea Waves.

IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY. We were living in a small seaport town in Nova Scotia. It was a cold, frosty day, and the wind was high and tempestuous. Our dining room windows faced the harbor. All our family were seated at dinner, and I remember looking toward the window, and remarking, "There is a vessel sailing up the harbor full sail. She has a fine breeze." The words were scarcely uttered when I saw her turn over on her side and go down, with all on board.

—II—

A sudden shock had struck her. We saw some of the men and women in the water struggling for life. Boats soon put out to their rescue but almost only a very few were rescued; others sank, to rise no more. Two bodies were taken out of the water a few hours later, and as I stood beside the lifeless form of a woman who that morning had left her home to go to a spending place with her friends, I felt deeply and fully realized that "In the midst of life we are in death," and that in such an hour as we think not the Son of Man cometh, and I heard the voice of Almighty God saying, "Prepare to meet

thy God," "Be ye also ready," "Lo, I come quickly."

—II—

How many plans are made for a merry Christmas, and how often these plans are frustrated. How frequently sadness comes instead of joy, and in the very midst of pleasure, too.

SECRETARY M. F. ELLIS,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Christmas Fare.

FRETFULNESS.

In my last journey into the north all my patience was put to the proof again and again; and all my endeavor to please, yet without success. In my present journey I leap, as broke from chains. I am content with whatever entertainment I meet with, and my companions are always in good humor, because they are with me. This must be the spirit of all who take long journeys. If, for instance, I am dressed in a handkerchief in a room, a shower of rain, or a dirty humor, will put them out of humor, it lays a burden upon me greater than all the rest put together.

By the grace of God I never fret, I repine at nothing. And to have persons at my ease fretting and murmuring at everything is like tearing the flesh off my bones. I see God sitting upon His throne, and ruling all things well. Although, therefore, I can bear this absence of mine, the good people of the world continually find fault with God in blaming the things which He alone can alter, in effect, blame Him; yet it is such a burden to me I cannot bear without pain, and I bless God when it is removed.

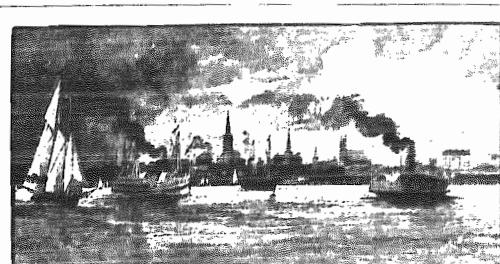
The doctrine of a particular providence is what exercising few persons understand; at least not practically so as to apply it to every circumstance of life. This I want — to see God active in everything and disposing all. His own glory and His creatures' good. Upon your continual prayer that you may see this, and love Him, and glorify Him with all you are and all you have. Peace be with you all! —John Wesley.

Mind the Twig.

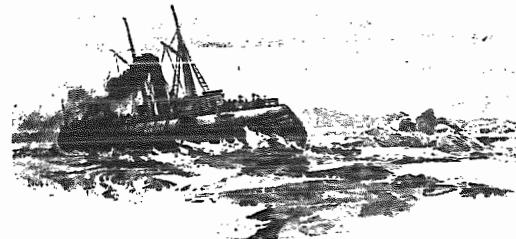
Near our barrack stands an elm tree with two of its limbs tied in a knot by some one when it was very small. Now, after these years of growth, it cannot be untied. It has become too strong. No human power unto what was so easily done with the twig.

Our children grow up to manhood and womanhood, with character and habits so strong and fixed that no human power can undo what was so easily done or taught in their childhood. That applied to both good and evil.

I know a mother who once lifted her child on the counter to throw dice in a raffle, and when he won boasted of his cleverness, but now she to end her over a wayward and gamboling son in that same boy. They take them to the theatre, ball-room, and other worldly places of amusement, which creates a desire in their hearts for the vanities of the world in many other forms. Many a week to-day can trace his downward career from the first taste of wine at father's table.



CHARLOTTETOWN FROM THE SEA.



FROM PICTOU TO GEORGETOWN—A Nova Scotian Sea Scene.

HOLINESS DIAMONDS,
PICKED AND ASSORTED.

BY J. K. MILLER.

Perfect love is death to vacillation.

Perfect love gives easy victory over every temptation.

Perfect love places Jesus at the head of all our affairs.

Love trades not for home returns, it amply pays itself in serving its beloved.

Many can love at their tongue's end, but the godly love at their fingers' end.

Love is the golden thread that runs through the Gospel—God's love to us, ours to Him, and one to another.

Your height as a living creature is according to the height and breadth of your love.

You can write it down as true, that wherever there is love there will be sacrifice.

Let love control your actions, reason be your guide, Never use a crutch when a key may be applied.

We are never well informed of the truth till we are conformed to the truth.

A humble saint looks most like a citizen of Heaven.

Those trees which have their top branches of hope in Heaven will have their lower boughs of activity on earth.

A true Christian not only does more than others will do, but he also does more than others can do.

Contentment does not consist in a lack of push.

SACRED RHEUMATISM.

For my own part, I would rather be drummer in the Salvation Army, and bang an old drum through the world for the salvation of men, than stand in the mightiest cathedral on this earth and preach the most glorious Gospel to a handful of good old men and women, who are so out in the faith that they have got sacred rheumatism.—REV. THOMAS DIXON, C.S.

THE
LADY WHO COULDN'T DO HOUSEWORK.An Incident which Shows You
Cannot Judge a Lady by
Her Clothes.

WE WERE OUT visiting in the shuns one afternoon.

Down a back lane we found a woman living in a two-storyed house. We only gained admittance into one of them, and how we did get in seems almost a mystery to me now. Scattered about the room was every bit of furniture they had. The old rusty stove was covered with dirty pots and pans, which I think were cleaned as often as a year; as Christmas comes. Then there was on an old box, a coffee tin, basket of bread, and a spoon. The floor was entirely covered over with rags, dishes, etc.

We talked with the lady of the house, and she informed us she was a Christian. She told us quite a lot about the Bible, different religious affairs, and finished up with the astonishing information that she was never used to house-work, her sisters had always done it, and at the present time she was occupied with something more necessary than keeping her rooms clean. She was trimming a hat.

This is only one instance out of many, and yet people say there are no slums in Canada. Visit for yourself, my friend, and see if there is not enough sorrow and poverty, dirt and iniquity, even here in beautiful Toronto, without going to any other large city in the world. What we want is more women who will consecrate themselves to God for the slums, not to be a lady, but a servant of the Master and lowly Christ of Bethlehem, and of these poor, ignorant people.

JENNIE M. McCANN,
Lieut., No. 16, S.S.M. corps, Toronto.

Side-Lights
ON SOME OF OUR BOYS.

TOLD BY THEM.

You Can Hear More Such
Down at the Barracks.

ONE brother says: "I got so drunk one time I went to the pump to light my pipe. But now I am saved, and need neither pipe nor whisky."

Another brother I know who got so drunk he did not know his coat from his pants, but now he both knows and is able to pay for a good suit.

Another I met who spent at least \$3000 per week in drink and tobacco. Now he gives five cents per week to Jesus, and if I'll give him Jim he will sometimes even give ten cents. This brother has been known to give as high as fifteen cents when there was a banquet and jubilee at his corps. Of course he cannot possibly be an extra-workman at all times!

Another man I met and so drunk he never could keep the face off the person if he would not answer him the questions he asked, but now he is sober and in the Army.

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT

AND
What Became of It.

PART I.

THE SUN had risen. The trees reposed in placid loveliness; banners floated proudly in the breeze; the bells of the churches and schools were ringing out their merry peals, even the hills and valleys seemed vocal with music.

What is the cause of all this?

Christmas morn had come. The winds of heaven seemed to waft along the joyful tidings. The day that many were waiting for had dawned at last.

To and fro upon the streets of a small town in the Maritime Provinces the townspeople hurry along, stopping only for a few moments to extend to each other the compliments of the season. All seem bent on spending the day in seeking happiness.

The Salvation Army officer gazed out of the windows of his temporary quarters for some few moments. He had only been in the town a few days, and the sight of that throng of people kindled an intense desire within his breast to see them converted. Down upon his knee he went, there to beseech the throne of God on behalf of the souls of the people. In his distress he called upon the Lord: "Oh, Lord! I love the souls of those people. I want to see them saved. May my labor not be in vain, but grant that

THIS CHRISTMAS DAY

The power shall be manifested in their salvation."

What! dare he believe for souls when no one had publicly sought salvation at that corps-pentitent form for over twelve months?

Yes, he dare; and, after thinking God for past victories, he started for the barracks, confident that His Father in Heaven would give him a Christian present, in seeing at least one soul kneeling at the feet of Jesus. God honored his faith, for during the latter part of the meeting a strong, healthy, robust-looking man walked boldly at the aisle, knelt at the pentitent-form, and poured the story of his sin and sorrow into the ears of Him who never turned away from one penitent sinner.

The congregation were amazed, the soldiers were filled with joy irrepressible, the officer was jubilant. All listened eagerly to the words which the Christmas convert uttered, as with tears in his eyes he quietly told that he once had

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER

who taught him to pray, but he had mingled with ungodly companions, had left home, shipped aboard a vessel, and for a number of years had sailed the briny deep, had been in storms and tempests, amid rocks and quicksands, and although God had spared him when numbers of his shipmates had been drowned, he had still rebelled against Him. Now, praise God, his mother's prayers were answered, his sins were pardoned. Although he knew that others would oppose him, yet he meant to pray and serve God with all his might. His tidings were soon spread abroad in the town that he had not saved numbers thronged to see and hear him, planks were made for his downfall. Persecution came thick and fast, but God gave him victory. Soon the day came that his ship was to sail. With all hearts we said good-bye, and watched the vessel sail down the harbor.

PART II.

The scene has changed. Some months have elapsed. In a seaport city in a marine hospital a sailor lies dying. Fever has left its hand upon him. Backed with pain of body, with pallid cheeks, suffering great agony, there lies our sailor comrade.

Alas?—no, not alone. Friends?—no, not friendless. The friend of all friends is near; the Comforter at his side. He cares

for him even to the end. He sees the rigid limb, the silent pulse, the bloodless lips, the pale cheeks, the fixed and darkened eye.

His struggles of life are now over; he proves Christ to be a rod and staff even in the valley and shadow of death. "I see him as he passes beneath the weary arches, welcomed by Jesus, welcomed by the angels, the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles—welcomed by all." What a sight must have met his eye! Picture it! On either side of the pathway leading to the city are valleys flowing with milk and honey, the river of life flowing through the midst, the banks of the river fringed with the foliage of the tree of life, whose laden branches bend with the weight of twelve manner of fruits. Beneath its shades are groups of angels warbling hallelujahs of eternal praise.

LISTEN! THE CHORISTERS

on Mount Zion strike up their song of jubilee. Cherubim legions lead the way, chanting songs of triumph; the procession winds its way through the capacious streets. On either side are mansions of inexpressible felicity, flushed with effulgence brighter than the noonday sun. He approaches the throne of the Lamb, Jesus puts upon his head the crown of life, and welcomes him in His presence with the



Representatives of the "Christless Nations."

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"

words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" His joy is incomparable, the sight indescribable. With the host of angels who rank in endless files about him, he joins in singing the coronation song, Hallelujah!

What a Saviour! what a Redeemer! Crown Him forever King of Kings! Crown Him, the glorious Conqueror of hell, Prince of Peace, Jesus, Jehovah, Lamb of God! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

Stick to the Old Track.

Earn. and Enth.

or,

WHICH DOES THE BEST WORK IN THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST—AND WHY—

Earnestness, Enthusiasm, or Fanaticism?

A DEAR FRIEND asks me for an essay on the above questions. The task is an easy one, if, in the few moments I have to give to it, I may be happy to dismiss it with due brevity.

Fanaticism comes last in the question, but I will deal with it first. I do not like the word. Fanaticism, to my mind, implies something of bigotry and tyranny. It suggests the presence of a cramped brain and an oblique moral vision. The genius is a mile minus its smartness. I dismiss fanaticism with the remark that it is a hard worker, but on account of its unselfishness it can never do "best work" any more. Of course, there is an implied, digressive, fanaticism with which no thorough worker with Christ can escape.

What is the difference between earnestness and enthusiasm? They are twin spirits, anyway. I dislike writing long names over and over again; so let us call our twins Earn and Enth. Earn is the eldest. He is prettier than his brother, but not stronger. Earn's hair is of a lovely auburn tint; Enth's is decidedly a red head. Earn is enviable; Enth will always be envied. They can work together without quarreling; indeed, they are never far apart in their work. Enth's field is somewhat dovered into Earn's. Passing from one to the other you become aware of a difference. Earn has a large domain, rich, and mostly level; Enth's is a roughish lot. Towards the north end of it there are some pretty black hills, but when he gets working up there, with that hot nature of his, and the fire of God in him, they get warmed up, and some of the most unlikely-looking spots begin to "blossom as the rose."

Let us change the metaphor.

EARN AND ENTH

are apostles, as much as were those of 2,000 years ago. All those early preachers were warm men. Peter, the unlearned, I opine, and Paul, the learned, were apostles. In John, the saint, and James, the practical, we have beautiful characters of earnestness. Like them, our Earn and Enth have "left all to follow Jesus" and He is teaching them "to catch men." And they do catch them, each in his own way. Earn wins the many. Enth conquers the few. They make blunders sometimes. So did the first apostles. Blunders are not sin; neither do they interrupt the current of inspiration. Blunderless work may be of little import. The first charge of the Light Brigade was a blunder, but it destroyed the enemy and terrorized him so no discreet movement could have done. It was not for blundering, but for wrangling that I dismissed fanaticism. Earn and Enth will often be misunderstood, misjudged, even despised, particularly Enth. Timorous ones will say of him, "You never know what we will do next." Well, he does not know himself. But he will do something. He does not drive his work; it drives him. But my time is up.

To sum up the matter in scripture language, we addeth Earn-Saints and Enthusiasts of the two, and the greatest of these is well, that which best suits you. Both of them do the best work. Get "pitched on" with either of them and work for the Kingdom, not for the wrangling of some once good, but now withered, doctrinal features of it, and your "work shall abide."

JAMES DOTT, Chesley Corp.

October 5, 1891.

Friends gone to be present with the Lord.—ED.

You do not have to teach a dog to swim, it comes natural for him to do that. So it is just as natural for a person that is converted to do right as it is for an unconverted person to do wrong.

God gives the message, we are His messengers.



HE WHO FOR ME WAS BORN.

Tune—"From every stain made clean,"
B. J. Sl.

I U CHRIST the Nazarene,
Lived but as all men live—
Who, who, alas! shall make no clean,
And all my sins forgive?

(For Chorus—Repeat last two lines.)

If He, the Holy One,
Died but as all men die—
Then I, at least, am all undone;
In evil case am I!

But may, I know, I feel:
His precious blood Divine
Hath power to cleanse, hath power
to heal,
This sin-sick soul of mine.

The SPIRIT and the blood
Bear witness with my soul
That I am now a child of GOD,
And every whit made whole.

H. E. C.
Expectant Cottage, Perth, W. A. C.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Tunes—"Come in, my Lord, come in,"
B. B. 27 and B. J. 46.

2 Let all unite to sing
The praise of HIM, who comes
From Heaven's high throne, that sin-
ful man
Salvation might obtain:
He is the Prince of Peace,
Immanuel His name—
As King of Kings and Lord of lords,
For ever He shall reign.

Chorus.

Come in, my Lord, come in;
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in, and cleanse my soul from
sin;
And dwell with me alone.

Love unsurpassable
By Jesus has been shown,
In leaving for this sinful world
The glories of His home,
Though born in low estate,
Of Royal lineage He;
The Sovereign King of Heaven and
earth,
His righteously subjects we.

Then let us render praise
To God for what He's done,
In giving such a sacrifice,
His well-beloved Son,
Oh, may for evermore
Our hearts to Him be given,
That we His will may do on earth.
As angels do in Heaven.

—Alexander Greig.

CHRISTMAS PRAISES.

Tune—"My soul is now united," B. J.
118.

3 Come, comrades, sing and shout
for joy
This glorious Christmas morn;
Let holy, mirthful songs employ
Your voices, and let every heart born
Be born today to hear for us
Earth's meanness and its shame;
To do God's work, and save mankind—
Oh, glory to His name!

Come, comrades, sing and praise the
Lord;
Let every heart be glad;
Ring out your song of praise to Him,
Who should one soul be sad?
How come to bring us peace on earth,
To bury all our fear;
To take away all sin, and make
The way to Heaven clear.

Seasonable Advice.

—In looking at what you are, don't forget to find out what you may be.

—Cut yourself clear of everything slimy or suspicious; carry no contraband goods on board the Lord's vessel!

—Set up a mark. Aim at it. Have an end in life. In all weathers make for it.

—The test of a man is not in the amount of his endurance, but in its motive.

—To saturate life with God, and the world with Heaven, that is the genius of Christianity.

—If you are practically saved, God has a right to your mind and all your gifts; they are His property.

—Get a settled in your mind that you are a Salvationist for life, and never have a wavering thought about the matter. Die rather than suffer defeat.

—Heaven is made up of the cream of humanity.

—Be yourself. Don't imitate anyone. It will rob you of your spiritual power.

—There are hundreds of professing religion who have not yet become religious.

—Truth is the good cable, that stretched and strained does not break in the storm.

—Trials being sanctified increase faith, and faith being increased trials put to trial.

—If we would be led into God's truth we must put our neck into Christ's yoke.

—Be not anxious about little things; if they would learnt to trust God with thine all.

—Christians should never forget that to win souls is their first business. All else is but secondary to this supreme purpose.

—The habit of denying oneself in the things gives a vigor of spiritual life.

—The greater amount of mental suffering arises from anticipation of trial.

LIEUT. M. GIBSON, Bedford, Que.

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